Horror Rewrite

**Part 1**

**Directions:** Stephen King is a masterful storyteller who deliberately uses vocabulary in his stories to further the elements of horror. Reread the passage from *The Reaper’s Image* below and highlight the vocabulary that enhances the horror in the story. Identify the elements of horror that are prevalent in this passage.

They climbed the third and fourth flights in silence. As they drew closer to the roof of the rambling structure, it became oppressively hot in the dark upper galleries. With the heat came a creeping stench that Spangler knew well, for he had spent all his adult life working in it – a smell of long-dead flies in shadowy corners, of wet rot and creeping wood lice behind the plaster. The smell of age. It was a smell common only to museums and mausoleums. He imagined much the same smell might arise from the grave of a virginal young girl, forty years dead.

Up here the relics were piled helter-skelter in true junkshop profusion; Mr. Carlin led Spangler through a maze of statuary, frame-splintered portraits, pompous gold-plated birdcages, the dismembered skeleton of an ancient tandem bicycle. He led him to the far wall where a stepladder had been set up beneath a trapdoor in the ceiling. A dusty padlock hung from the trap.

Off to the left, an imitation Adonis stared at them pitilessly with blank pupilless eyes. One arm was outstretched, and a yellow sign hung on the wrist, which read: ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE.

**Part 2**

**Directions:** Rewrite the following passage as though it were from a horror novel or short story. Think about the vocabulary you are using as well as the elements of horror that we have talked about.

The January night cold bit at him but his ski-style gloves, new jeans, two layered socks, black ear muffs and North Face running jacket his older brother, Brandon, had given him for Christmas, kept him protected. The stars above gave their intense pinpoints of light despite the street lights as he carefully avoided patches of ice on the sidewalk.

The peppy organ music reminded him of the old roller rink back home. Sadly, it closed four years ago, preempted by other, more modern activities for the school kids.

Logan could see the rink was already crowded, numerous skaters of all ages sliding around at differing speeds. He picked up the rental skates and found a spot on the bench at the edge of the ice. As he laced up his skates, he heard a whistle blow. At the far end of the rink he saw two skaters shouting at each other, one a woman with a whistle around her neck, the other a man who stood three or more inches taller than the woman. Logan could tell she was winning the argument, her voice loud and angry above the din of music, skater conversations and ‘slice, slice, slice’ of the multitude of skate blades. From her gestures he surmised she was telling him to slow down or she’d throw him out.